

POW

by Transformer Alchemist

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Summary: On a routine op, SpartanIIIs Jack and Keira are captured by the enemy. But is one of their captors all he, or she, seems? Well, it certainly made their escape more interesting....M for future chapters.

1. A Glimmer of Hope

****Unholy Warriors****

Chapter One

I am not, in any way, responsible for the great work done by Bungie and Microsoft-but I wish to the gods that I did. Especially Cortana... :D

Jack wove his way through the alien jungle, approaching the target with an impossibly quiet but quick gait. Armed only with a SMG and a half-charged plasma pistol, he kept

wary of any enemy ambush. Three meters to his right and nine meters behind him, he knew, was Keira covering him with her SPNKR launcher. That, and the mission panic button.

Hopefully she wouldn't have to use it. Not that it would matter.

The Spartan-III momentarily reflected on the events of the last 36 hours. The operation-draw Covenant forces so that an UNSC fleet with Spartan-laden drop-pods could board

the enemy held space station Cradle and recapture it-had gone off at a nice start. They had easily decimated the Covenant artillery in the mountains to the north-west. They had just

as flawlessly taken out the subsequent army, that had apparently thought that they had them pinned down in the prairie, with a combination of captured plasma artillery, SPNKRs, and

heavy machine turrents. But they hadn't noticed the gigantic squadren of Banshees moving in from the south in the cover of the mountain range. Low on ammo and lower on energy, it

had been an absolute slaughter. Now Jack and Keira were the last Spartans on this world. They were sure that their brothers and sisters had captured _Cradle_. Now their objective

was to head to the fall-back point-the bay that lead out into the south-western sea.

But a Covenant armor patrol had cut them off, and while they had managed to take out one of the Wraiths and both Hunters, they had lost their 'Hog. The only way that they

could make it out alive was to take out the remaining tank and continue to the pick-up point.

Jack now saw the target. It's left side was facing him, and he began to plan his attack. If he attacked from the Wraiths rear-right, the tank would turn right to attack him-a move

that would remove any chance of the driver from seeing Keira and her SPNKR. Distracted, it would not have time to dodge the rocket.

Waiting until the Wraith had passed to his left slightly, Jack now charged. Facing the machines rear, he opened up with his SMG. Nine caliber rounds bounced of the purple

metal, creating a myriad of sparks. The Wraith stopped, and began to turn around. But it was turning around the wrong way. It was sure to see Keira. At that distance, the Wraith had

the advantage. All it had to do was fire several "perimeter" volleys, keeping Keira contained until it could move in. Jack had to do something-but armed with a sub-machine gun, he

couldn't do much. Very well. He would have to improvise, just like Cheif Mendez and Leiutenant Ambrose had always taught them.

"Take cover!" he screamed before yelling a battle cry and leaping on to the purple behemoth. He crawled over to the alien cannon at the back, placed his hands on the edges.

and, gritting his teeth, pulled with all his strength. Normally this would have been futile, but with stress, new waves of strength radiated through his body. The cannon slowly jerked

upward, until it was at a practically 90 degree angle. The cannon discharged uselessly, the plasma bolt landing ten feet from the hood of the vehicle. But the force knocked Jack off the

back of the Wraith. He managed to grab the back, however, and crawled back on. He then ran over to the cockpit, and roaring, slammed the hood with his fist. Damaged, the hood

came off easily. Dual-wielding both his SMG and plasma pistol, he subsequently unloaded into the cockpit. With both weapons depleted,

all that remained in the tank were broiling

ribbons of flesh.

Kiera ran over with lightning speed. Jack gave her the thumbs-up. She returned the gesture with the two-fingers-over-faceplate "smile" that Spartans used.

"Is it still operational?" she asked, gesturing to the smoking interior.

"Yeah, that's just the Elite," he said. "The cannon's in good shape, too. You wanna drive?"

"Sure." Jack sat down in the seat and allowed Keira to sit in his lap. The tank then began to rumble down on it's long journey down to the south. Hopefully they had enough fuel

to get there.

Jack felt a sense of joy at having Keira so close. Most thought that Spartans had no sex drives, there was no such thing as Spartan romance. But the next generation of Sprtan-

IIIs did, so male subjects could add testosterone to their arsenal. There was no denying his feelings that Jack had for Keira. _His_ Keira.

It had all started back in training. During a routine field training drop, he and Keira were the last to jump. But just then, the Pelican hit a spot of turbulence, and the dropship

crashed. The pilot died instantly, and Keira had to give Jack mouth-to-mouth resussitation. In the middle of this, Jack woke up-and gave her mouth-to-mouth right back. During the

two-week long walk back, they had bonded quite well-and, when time permitted, explored this strange, alien form of contact.

Now, Jack slipped his arms around her and rested his chin on her shoulder. Keira, surprised but not startled, leaned back into him. Jack felt himself grow hard, but he was on a

mission it would have to wait 'till they got back to base.

The Wraith rumbled off into the night.

If you noticed that this fic has dissapeared twice before this, I've been having some technical difficulties.

Review, please!

2. Blood Lust

****POW****

****Chapter Two****

****BastardSon1: I'm not entirely sure just ****_**what**_**** caused the**

format problems-I'm a total n00b (this is my first fic) and I'm doing this on WordPad. From now on I will distinguish paragraphs with a.**

a

Tura 'Ingllisamee opened her eyes.

a

She feared the worst. Just to make sure, she checked her surroundings. She appeared to be laying in a concave bed in a cramped room composed of dark purple metal and dotted with white lights. Across from her was a Lekgolo pair sharing a very large bed (which she personally thought was kinda wierd) otherwise identical to her own. On a set of racks were three sets of cadet-sized armor. On the opposite wall was a octagonal door. The cieling had a holographic chronometer that read: **6: 156: 18237: 24**.

a

Tura parted her mandibles and let out a deep breath, the Sangeli equivilent of a sigh. There was no doubt about it. She was still alive, and she was still in this godforsaken, sorry-excuse-for-an-academy hellhole. Shit.

a

Just before the alarm was schedualed to go off, Tura palmed the deactivation key beside her bed and swung out of bed. She slowly walked over to the Lekgolo, her hooves practically dragging across the floor. "Ynato, Wagurai. We have to get up."

a

Both Lekgolo responded by rolling away to avoid facing her.

a

Tura put her hands on hips. "Look, I know getting up here is hard. But I'm not getting demerits because you two couldn't move your lazy asses and stayed in bed all day long. Now get up and hurry, we're gonna miss breakfast."

a

Neither made any attempt to move, save snuggling closer to one another.

a

"Fine," she said, in an attempt at negligence. She slipped on the bright blue training helmet from the rack that held her armor. "I guess you're just going to miss that gasjwa soup their serving today..." She knew Ynato and Wagurai absolutely _loved_ gasjwa soup. But both "brothers" continued to lie immobile on their bed, Wagurai still sort of snoring, very loudly.

a

When Tura turned around-and the Lekgolo pair were still cuddling in their bed-she began to get mad. "Okay, now I get it. Not only are you going to stay there, you're going to _have sex?_ Again? We have to _go!_" She began to put on her chest peice. "Actually, that brings me to another subject. I don't care if you do it at night, but for the god's love, keep quiet! Your little make-out session just before alone was enough to keep me up half the night." She looked up again, and, just as she had described, the horny younglings were making-out, letting out annoying little moans of pleasure.

a

That was it. Tura immediatly went over and promptly kicked their asses with Jihbru, the ancient Sangheli martial art. In less than thirty seconds, they were both on the floor, now moaning in pain instead of pleasure. When Wagurai looked up at her, she realized that she was wearing barely anything...and she couldn't let the two know her seceret, even if they were her roomrates, and, really, her subordinstes.

a

As he got up, a smile crept across his face. "Hmm," he chuckled. "You're rather _small_, aren't you, Turo? For a second there you almost looked like a female..." Close now, he put his hands on her naked waist, whilst he nuzzled her scaled neck. Ynato pouted, but Wagurai took no notice. "But perhaps you just need some-" he searched for the right words "-stimulation?" His hand crept down from her waist to her inner thigh, getting closer, and closer...

a

Tura grabbed his wrist. She was extremely tempted to let him continue, but that would let him know...everything. "Another time, Wagurai. We have class now, remember?" She handed him his helmet.

a

They left a few minutes later. The smirk never left Wagurai's face as he exited the door.

Taru 'Ingllisamee was a female Sangheli at the Exalted Warrior Academy of the Holy City of High Charity. And including her, only three beings knew it.

a

Ever since she was very young, she had wanted to fight. Fight, and destroy the heathen humans who killed her father at Reach. The humans who killed her mother at _Unyeilding Heirophant_. The humans who killed her older brother at New Mombassa.

a

Orphaned, she had been taken in by the Prophet of Foresight, who recognized her potential. Living in the luxury of a Minor Prophet, and educated as one, she eventually came to the age where she could join the Forces of the Holy Covenant. She remembered that day very well.

a

They had been in one of the fair, gigantic hallways that led to nowhere in particular, sunlight streaming in through the tall marble pillars. She had liked that planet. It was nice to have a break from the dark metal and recycled air of High Charity. But when she had finally worked up the nerve to ask her "Uncle" if he could pull some strings and let a female in, he had put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Tura. You know I love you very much. But I cannot change things so set in stone. And even if I could have you go, I would not let you go. You mean far too much to me for me to let you go onto a battlefield. You could easily become a High Priestess at some of the greatest chapels in the galaxy, and-" He frowned. "You're not even listening to me, are you? What I'm saying is very important-"

a

"But Uncle! I don't think the Forerunners gave me this opportunity, this position, and, most importantly, you for nothing."

a

"I do beleive that priesthood qualifies as something, Tura-"

a

"I mean something that will matter!" she shouted. "Something that could make a difference in people's lives-"

a

"-which is precisely what priesthood will do-"

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"Shut up!" she screamed, not caring what she said anymore. "I want to end this war, so no one has to die anymore. So we can all make the Great Journey."

a

Foresight, visibly shaken, scooped Tura up into his chair and held her to his chest. "Alright," he said, quietly sobbing. "Alright, I'll see what I can do."

a

An instructor that was a good friend (and easy to bribe), Sito 'Drinllorli was the only one who knew besides them. And right now, she was in his classroom. All races of the Covenant were here, grouped in specific squads chosen by the instructors based on compatibility. Tura, of course, was in command of Ynato and Wagurai, based on the fact that she handled heavy armor well. Today, the students were united in a feeling of anticipation. For four years they had trained to become the ultimate army. But naught but a week ago, they had reached the end of their classroom training. They had simply been waiting for a field mission opportunity. Judging by the smile on Sito's face, that day had come.

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"Good morning, class," he started off. "Your day has come. The humans have presented themselves-on this very planet, in an attempt to capture their lost 'ship'." That was a surprise. These missions generally involved long interstellar travel. But all the better. The soon-to-be soldiers were silently baying for blood.

a

"But this opportunity has come at a cost. Thousands of our bretheren were martyred by the human army over the last two and a half cycles. We silently mourn this terrible loss of our most Holy Covenant."

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All the cadets bowed their heads, and silently chanted, _'Hear us from Beyond, brothers, and know your Journey will be great.'_ But at the same time, they wondered. How could they possibly take on an army so vast it had killed thousands of Covenant soldiers? Unless...

a

"Yes," Sito said, as if reading their thoughts. "Demons have arrived."

a

The room was suddenly filled with a mixture of hissing and cheering, loathing and rejoicing. Now, not only could they truly prove themselves, but they could deal an impressive blow to humanity as well. "There are two left from their ground engagement," Sito continued. "Their comrades from the _Cradle_ have come in a squad of three of their Pelican dropships and two Albatross'. You are to prevent this pickup from ever taking place. But," he said. "You are to capture the rescuees for questioning, torture, and, eventually, execution by your own hand, in a POW camp you will manage as you see fit." His chest swelled with pride. "I've never been so proud of any class I've ever taught. Now board your dropships and destroy the humans!"

a

The soldiers cheered and rushed out the door, forgetting discipline. Today was truly a glorious day for the Covenant.

3. Day of the Gods

****POW****

****Sorry this chapter took so long to write...I'm getting lazy. Next chapter quicker!****

Jack and Keira were lying side-by-side on the peaceful island in the middle of the bay that made up the fall-back point. They were on the peak of a hilly mound just a few feet over the treeline. So far they

had been here for ten minutes, and all they'd really done was hold hands. It was beginning to bore her.

Keira rolled over to face her squadmate, and took off her helmet. A gigantic smile was on her face. Slowly her hands found their way down to the area between Jack's legs. Oblivious to her actions through his armor, Jack continued to stare at the sky through his helmet's visor. It wasn't until he felt the gel layer of his armor shift against his thigh and the tropical air waft across his pale, sun-deprived skin that he realized what exactly was about to unfold. This alone caused his member to gain a 90 degree angle in less than four seconds. _'Not bad, not bad at all,' _thought Keira.

She was just beginning when they both heard the unmistakable roar of UNSC dropships. Replacing their armor, the black specs on the horizon slowly resolved into the silhouettes of both Pelicans and Albatross'. They were only a few miles off-it should be only a matter of minutes.

Just then Jack remembered a particularly bare section of the mountain on the shore. Since it had a perfect view of the surrounding airspace, it would be a likely spot for the enemy to attack from. He had checked it before, when they had first arrived at the bay, and a second time with a scope once they had gotten to the island, but it never hurt to be careful, especially since their pickup had just arrived. Jack walked over to the edge of the hilltop and picked up the SPNKR launcher. Lifting it to his shoulder, Jack peered through the scope and tried to make out the clearing.

"Aw, shit, dude..."

Tura stood camouflaged beside Ynato and Wagurai, beam rifle in hand. Looking through the magnification scope, she saw one of the Demons gazing at her with a rocket launcher. _'Fragallo!_' she thought. If the humans knew where they were, they would have to move fast.

She nodded to her cohorts. They raised their arms and their energy cannon barrels glowed green...

Jack turned around and began gesturing wildly with his arms in the direction of the dropships. Without radio, it was the only way to get the message across without screaming at a hundred octaves.

Keira looked at him strangely. "Uh, what the hell are you doing, exactly?"

"Saving our sorry asses, that's what," he responded. "There's a small legion of Covenant on that hill. Those dropships are walking into a deathtrap." At this, Keira turned around. Up on the hill, she could just make out what appeared to be a colony of purple ants scurrying around. Then, a myriad of flashes sparked across the hill. She watched, with horror, as what looked like a greenish-white cloud flowed slowly in the direction of the dropships. But she knew that the "cloud" was in fact a thousand globes of boiling, white-hot plasma.

"Jack."

Jack looked up just as the plasma passed overhead. Some of the worse aimed shots passed only a few feet above them, needles suddenly spiraling out of control. Approximately a football field away, the pickup rushed headlong into a mist from Hell. Afterburners and airbrakes flared uselessly. With his enhanced vision, Jack could just make out number 029-Ryan and 138-Salvadore in the lead Pelican before the flight group dissappeared in the flaming mist.

The series of explosions rattled their teeth and shattered the ground. Orange and yellow blossomed in the place of white and green, and then faded to reveal a scattered mix of ship fragments and flaming corpses-or pieces of them, at least. The fallen remains ended their violent trip with a thousand splashes of water below.

Shaking off the shock, the two Spartans turned back to the enemy hill to see a fleet of hovercraft racing across the sea. It was mostly made up of Shadows and Specters, but some Ghosts acted as Shadow escorts as well. They began to fire almost immediatly, but plasma was so innaccurtate at that range that some shots didn't even hit the island. But both knew that that wasn't going to last long.

They were just going to turn and find a hold-out point or hiding place when a dozen Particle Beam Rifle shots flew at Keira. At such a distance, most missed, but one caught her in the face. Luckily, the sheer distance of the shot had weakened the plasma. She would live. Jack was just about to help her when he got the exact treatment, catching him right in the center of his chest.

Ten minutes later, a horde of Covenant entered the clearing. Tura looked down on "her" prize. That lucky shot would probably get her a promotion. And when they got the two heathens back to base, she would find a way to get revenge on their entire race...

Tura smiled. This was surely a gift from the gods themselves.

****Review!****

4. POW

****POW****

Jack woke up with a start.

He appeared to be in an Elite tent. At least, that's what he thought it was. He'd only seen them before on attacks on Covenant base camps, large, ornate octagonal tents with their Honor Guards standing outside. And judging by the size, shape, and two shadows standing by what appeared to be the entrance, that description fit.

He sat up. Looking down, he discovered that his armor was gone, replaced with a small, tight-fitting, grey, almost boxer-like pear of shorts. Directly to his left was Keira, who, glancing at her legs, was wearing the same "uniform"-wait, but that meant-oh, damn, she had a top. She looked like she was either asleep or uncouncious-but not dead, as a pulse on her neck revealed.

Less groggy now, Jack looked more carefully at his surroundings. Instead of the extravagant furnishings he had come to expect from the Elites housing, the interior of the tent was composed of nothing but a dirt floor, a hole in the ground that he assumed was a latrine, what looked like a drinking/eating trough, and-prisoners.

All around him, various Covenant sat slumped in the dirt in a rough circle around the tent. Of course, only the races prone to rebellion-Elites, Grunts, and Hunters-were present. All were asleep-or dead, he had no idea, considering that the collection of convicts were thin as sticks by Covenant standards.

"Saen. Look. The human is up," said a voice to his right.

Jack spun around to see a weak looking Elite next to an Engineer he hadn't spotted before. "Ah, human," it rasped. "Glad to have to have you here. Some of the others might not trust you and the female, but we will need your help nonetheless..." His voice trailed off as he leaned back into the wall, closing his eyes. "I am Gau 'Ottumoni. We must...escape...this horrid place..."

Well, damn. Wherever they were, they clearly weren't going to get killed any time soon. That meant they were in some sort of Covenant POW camp. He had never heard of such a thing, but seeing the Heretics in this state...Of course, knowing the Covenant, it was probably more like a concentration camp. Either way, he and Keira were pretty damn screwed unless they got the hell outta here, _fast_.

"Wake up maggots! Breakfast!"

'Yay,' thought Jack sarcasticly. _'Breakfast time.'_

In walked a surprisingly small Elite in dull black armor. The Major then walked over to the trough and slipped a data-pad into a jack just above it. Punching in a code, pipes opened, spewing out some sort of gruel-like substance. All the prisoners, now roused by the Elites yelling, moved toward the trough and began eating by using their hands and/or dipping their faces-except for one Grunt who remained immobile. "You, traitor," said the Elite. "Get up." The Grunt remained. The Elite sighed. "Another dead. Ah, well, take him away." The two Honor Guards from outside came in and dragged the body away.

Jack shook Keira awake. "Wake up," he said. "We've been captured."

Keira mumbled something and sat up. "What the hell?"

"Just move over to the trough and follow my lead." he answered.

With a Spartans prescision, the two made their way over to the trough, and Jack whispered, "Pretend to make break for it, I'll take out the Elite."

Keira paused-this was all moving a little fast, but her training was kicking in-and, looking as suspicious as possible, looked over at the door. Then, rising as loudly as a Pelican into the air, she sprinted for the doorway. The short Elite spotted the escape attempt as he was supposed to, and turned to stop her. In it's haste, the Elite did not notice the other human coming behind it. Only when it felt the human

grab it in a headlock did the Elite realize what was going on.

Jack reached under the Elite's "chin" in an attempt to quiet the alien. This proved to be a mistake. The Major's mandibles bit down and twisted in an attempt to shred Jack's fingers. Shaking off the pain, Jack grabbed the Elite's snout and flipped it back over his shoulder. The prisoners began to turn around at the sound of the commotion. The Elite he spoken to before-Gau, Jack thought-parted his mandibles in a Sangheli smile.

"Now! Fellows, our escape is nigh!" The captured Heretics shuffled over to the fallen Elite and began beating it with their bare claws. Before Jack had time to react, the major was covered in attackers. It would certainly never survive.

Then he remembered Keira. He turned to the door just in time to see her come in. "We're in the jungle, grid 26-41, I think-I can see the island to the east. The Honor Guards will be back soon."

Jack nodded. He turned to the Heretics, who now briefly paused from eating the Elite. "Let us handle this. It's too dangerous for you in your state." Jack wasn't sure whether the Heretics were friendlies or hostiles-a troubling conundrum for a Spartan. But he was pretty sure that they wanted to get out of here as much as he and Keira did. And he would never let a man get left behind.

Not after the _Cradle_ incident.

But 'Ottumoi shook his head. "These zealots have taken what passes for a home and our brothers. They will die by our hands."

Jack might've grinned if he wasn't so focused on keeping on his bad-ass exterior. You had to admire their determination. "Alright. Keep to the shadows, we'll take them by surprise."

No sooner were these words spoken when a full squadron stood outside their door. Jack spun around and saw a Brute march toward toward him. It raised the butt of its gun-and everything went black.

Again.

End
file.